FIFTH YEAR

THE DAWNING LIGHT,

DEVOTED TO

THE OCCULT

AND

LIBERAL THOUGHT.

CHAS. W & ROBERT A. NEWNAM, PUBLISHERS.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Any one desiring information as to becoming a member of the Texas Psychic Class or what its objects are, will be gladly supplied by writing to John W. Ring, No. 2011 Ave. N½ Galveston, Texas.

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Contributing membership in the N. S. A. can be secured individually by sending $1.00 and address to the undersigned. The payment of said dollar will entitle the sender to one year of contributing membership and a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of the N. S. A. Reports for '97 and '98.

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DAWNING LIGHT.
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For the DAWNING LIGHT.

GENIUS.

Flame of everlasting height,
Quenchless as eternal light,
Inspiration is the source
Of thy wondrous mighty force.

In the soul of restless man,
Thou with potent power can
Stir the fountains of the deep,
For thy vigils never sleep.

Art, and poesy, and song,
Matchless in themselves and strong,
Are thy children of the light,
Offspring of thy wondrous might.

Music is a child of thine,
Heavenly music all divine,
Oh, within the human heart
Thou hast planted heavenly art.

Music, flame that ever burns
In a thousand crystal urns,
Thine the potency and power
To the waiting soul endower

With an inspiration strong,
That can lift the world in song,
With an inspiration true
That with music can imbue

Human life, and human art.
Genius thou art of the heart,
Child of God and child of law
Thou doth all things to thee draw.

Genius, kindle thou the eye,
Touch the brush and make it fly
Over canvas, and portray
Wondrous forms that ne'er decay.

Genius, thou the heavenly flame,
Vitalizing honored fame,
Thou the quenchless, splendid spark,
Shining ever through the dark.

Child of God, forever hail!
All thy efforts e'er prevail
To uplift the human race
To his own diviner place.

—Princess Mary of Conde.

The evidence of the immortality of the soul and the communication of the so-called dead with those still in the body is so overwhelming and conclusive that there is no further use to deny this fact. Let us accept the evidence of those who have "gone on before" and by living pure, spiritual lives fit ourselves for the changed condition which comes to all alike.

By your fruits ye shall be known, and your present life will be reflected over there.

had been outlined for her at early morn by the visitant from the gods. Her voice was flute-like in its sweetness, her manner composed, her bearing that of one on a celestial errand. The emperor gazed upon the beautiful vision at his feet as if entranced, then mechanically reached out his hand for the golden apple and began to eat. There were four specimens of fruit in the dish and one by one he devoured them, his eyes meanwhile fixed at the maiden's feet. He did not offer any to his attendants nor did they expect it, for it was a tradition with them that none could partake of the fruitage of the heavenly gardens and live save they to whom it was brought by an emissary of the gods. When he had partaken she handed him the golden dish which he placed upon a beautiful table by his side, then in sweetest tones the maiden cried: "Oh, King, thou hast partaken of the immortal fruit and may, if thou wilt, live forever. All hail to thee, thou son of the gods!" and in deep fervent tones all present, save the monarch himself, responded, "All Hail!"

All the while the Pilgrim had been standing in dignified posture behind the kneeling maiden, but now he stepped forward, and raising her to her feet addressed the emperor in these words, "Oh Sovereign, ruler of all Egypt and of the land thereof, hail! I present to thee in the person of this maid Yosephine, daughter of the valley of Camaan, who hath been brought to thee by the gods, guided by thy servant whom thou seest before thee." At these words Marcus aroused from his trance and starting forward he seized the now trembling maiden in his arms and cried, "It is she, it is she! the maiden whom I beheld last night beneath the tree of love and life in the garden of the gods. Already hath the vision been fulfilled. Yosephine, thou art my chosen bride, sent to be queen of my throne and ruler of my heart. It hath been the custom of the maidens of this land to ask their lovers in marriage, but with thy coming a new law shall be opened—it is I, the emperor, who humbly sues for thy favor and thy hand. Thou hast been sent to me by the gods. It is well. We have been wedded in

the kingdom of the blest. Since time began have we, thou and I, been soul mates in the garden of life. The outward tie will only be formed to consummate the union of the gods. Thou hast brought to Marcus the golden dish of immortal fruit. Thou hast offered it to thy lord with thy own fair hands, then must thou have partaken of the immortal fruit thyself, for only they who have eaten can proffer the fruit to another. Therefore, are we of the gods. Come to me, mine own, for we are henceforth one."

He took the sparkling crown he was wont to wear on state occasions from its velvet cushion just above the golden dish and placed it on her head. She looked at him in hesitation for a moment. Then a light broke over her lovely face and illuminated her beautiful eyes. A sweetness of ecstatic love thrilled her soul and vibrated through her frame, and yielding herself to his enraptured embrace she softly whispered, "My Lord, my King, I am thine forevermore!"

With a fond and lingering caress Marcus held the maiden to his heart—then signaling to the High Priest, he stepped back a pace still holding the little hand of Yosephine and waited the priestly blessing that should make them one in the sight of man as they felt they were in the sight of the gods.

Marnan, who although high priest, of the temple, knew no law beyond the will of his sovereign, had no choice but to obey. But so impressed had he been with the recital of the vision of his kinsman and of this literal fulfillment of it in the coming of Yosephine that he had no wish to disobey, and thus with hands outstretched over the heads of the pair he pronounced the blessing and the priestly consent that made them one.

Then a strange thing happened, for just as the blessing descended in priestly tones upon the heads of Marcus and Yosephine, the door into the apartment of the aged ex-monarch opened and Yosef, standing erect in his old-time vigor appeared, gazing upon the newly wedded pair. In a moment the whole situation flashed upon him. He seemed satisfied as he murmured, "Now may the

gods be praised. My prayer is answered my hope fulfilled. Now may this old life depart in peace for the glory of the gods have descended upon us." And even as he spoke, advancing to the side of Yosephine, who looked upon him with loving eyes, the chime of golden bells high in the tower of the temple Gnau rang out upon the air. All present listened to the golden melody with bowed and reverent heads. The courtiers in the palace and about its wall' the people in the streets, and even children at their play listened and marveled at the wondrous thing, for never since the golden bells had been cast and placed in the sacred tower many long years before, had they been known to make a sound, and tradition said not until there should be a union of the gods in the city of Garveh, and never until two had eaten of immortal fruit and had been brought together by the celestials should be wedded in the palace of the king would the golden bells chime out in sweetness on the air. And now the bells were ringing, ringing music soft and sweet, and all the world knew that Marcus had found his bride.

When the chimes ceased the pilgrim stepped forward and said, "Oh, Marcus, sovereign of Egypt, Oh Yosef, sire of the blessed twain, Oh, Marnan, High Priest of the temple of Gnau, Oh most royal sage of the court of Garveh, be it known to ye all, that in this Yosephine, consort of the emperor ye have a holy treasure that ye may well prize with tender care. Hearken to her words when it doth please her to speak. Heed her behests for she will bring ye honor and grandeur, and light of peace from the court of Heaven. The gods have spoken to thee through my lips and they bid thee cherish your queen."

At these words the officers and emperor bowed low before their empress and saluted the hem of her bridal gown. Then Marcus straightened himself and looked for a moment fixedly at the pilgrim before he said: "Ha! now that I see thee clearly, oh holy pilgrim, methinks that I recognize in thee not only the Sage from the royal court of the gods, but also one to whom I owe a part of

my being, and but for whom I would not now be here. Ha! ye, Yosef, my grandsire, Marnan, and thou Sage of Garveh," addressing separately those who had been his supporters and guides through all his life since he came a lad of five among them from a foreign land, "Look ye, and thou, my Yosephine, Queen of my heart, look upon him, the sage of the gods, and behold in him the missing link of the house of Garveh and of Yasmah, the land of my birth. Behold ye Yarcus, the consort of Yzbel and the sire of the Emperor Marcus!"

All pressed forward and gazed upon the lofty features and digfied form of the stranger in their midst. When last all these but the Queen had seen him, he was clad in pilgrim robes and had departed from them with serious air and silent step, as one who was bent upon some great and important errand. Now he had returned to them renewed in form and vigor, handsome, scholarly, at ease, and with true majestic mien. They could scarcely believe their eyes, all but Marcus, who knew what he had revealed, smiled at their lack of recognition, as with an impressive gesture he opened the vestments of his breast and said, "Yea, verily, it is so. I am Yarcus of the house of Yasmah, consort of the beloved Yzbel, who dwelleth in the garden of the gods, sire of Marcus, whose power is grand, whose name is beloved, and who is Emperor of Egypt. Marcus whose name shall yet be called good and great by all the world. Yea, verily, I am Yarcus who went out from thee to dwell in the desert and minister to the wayfarers while communing with the gods. Yarcus who in time sought the valley of Camann at the command of the gods to care for Yosephine, to bring her under the guidance and tuition of the celestials, to instruct her in the love that would make her wise and great and fitted to adorn Egypt's throne and at last to bring her to thee, oh Marcus, my king, to be thy bride. Yea, verily, I am Yarcus, of the house of Yasmah, and that ye need not hesitate to believe, or that ye may no not doubt, behold the token and the sign that Yarcus stands before you in living form." With a sweep

of his hand he tore open his vestment, revealing the skin of his bare breast upon which clearly seen by all in the place, imprinted by the indelible hand of the lightning, was the head and face of a sleeping babe.

"It is he! It is he!" exclaimed the king. "Yarcus, my sire, with my baby face upon his breast. Welcome to the court of thy son. Thou must never depart from hence. Thou shalt be given a place on the royal staff, and thou shalt indeed be one of the sages who will teach us of wondrous love. Take thy place at my right hand, for so shalt thou ever find favor of thy king."

There was great rejoicing in Garveh for several weeks after this, when the news of the royal wedding was given out at the court and then to the populace, the demonstrations of joy seemed to know no bounds. Everybody was happy that their king had wed, and when Yosephine appeared to them in her simple dainty garb, and with her beautiful face alight with love and joy, they immediately took her into their hearts and acknowledged her as their glorious queen.

Thus for several weeks there was feasting and feting of monarch and queen, tournaments and festivities, all of which was as novel as it was new to Yosephine. But in time the rejoicing and demstration subsided and the city returned to its old state of affairs.

During the first year of Marcus' reign with his wife she had seen certain little traits and foibles in her lord that in her wise way, and with the help of her trusted counsellor, Yarcus, and of the gods she quietly determined should be changed. And so she set about it quietly, giving him a sample of tender consideration of the poor and weak, kindly solicitude for all subjects who were not of high degree, ministration to the suffering. At first he admired her example, then he began to be rebuked by it—for as he beheld her charming manner and listened to her gentle teaching he began to compare himself with her and to question if he was fit to live with her forever. And so little by little he began to improve his own habits and conduct, to be less exacting to the

poor and more considerate for all. And word went forth through Garveh and from thence through all Egypt of his grandeur and graciousness. Now he opened schools and temples where Yarcus and other sages gathered in the unlearned and taught them many things, and now the constant study of Yarcus and Yosephius seemed to be to make their subjects happy with solid and substantial blessings and benefits. Rolicking and revelry were banished from the court and only innocent amusements indulged in such as would be very pleasing to the dwellers in the gardens of the gods when they gazed upon them from far away.

MRS. HINSDALE AND THE PREACHERS.

George's Creek, Texas,
July 26, 1899.

[To The Dawning Light.]

Well, I have met the enemy, fought the battle, and I suppose according to the church people—been conquered. But I feel as little like it as anybody you ever saw. Let me tell the whole story. I came to George's Creek to visit friends and was asked to lecture. After I had given several lectures in the Union church, I was called upon by five representative men in the community, all members of the Christian or Campbellite church. They asked me if I would consent to a debate with some one from their church upon the truth of Spiritualism. Knowing the history of such debates in the past, it does seem as if I ought to have known that the church people would take every advantage and "go back on" their promises, but I thought I was dealing with honest and honorable men. My first answer was a decided "no," giving as my reasons my personal dislike for controversies, and the teachings of Spiritualism opposed it, besides, in every debate on this question I told them the church never did anything but abuse and rid-

icule. They would tell me what this man, or this woman did, recite all the crimes and misdemeanors of certain individuals and claim it as the teachings of Spiritualism. But I reminded them I could show as many base crimes committed by ministers, elders and Sunday school superintenpents as they could of Spiritualists. One of the committee of five assured me that they would not allow such things. The question was not what anybody did, but whether Spiritualism was true or false, and the spokesman said "We intend to stand upon the Bible and prove Spiritualism a fraud," but declared that not one word should be said about what mediums or anybody else did. Another gentleman spoke up, "If our man begins that we will call him down." Now observe. I had the distinct promise of these men that no "mud slinging"—as Mr. Jones called it—should be indulged in; the sequel will show how they kept their word. After considerable talk I finally asked them, "upon your honor, gentlemen" if such a debate would do any good—reiterating my objection to the abuse of one side by the other. Their spokesman replied that quite a number of his community, neither church members nor Spiritualists, would really like to know which was right; so against my wishes I consented. A friend living here, and knowing the usual thing in these debates, told one of the committee that if a word was said reflecting upon me as a medium and lecturer he would resent it. Sunday following this interview I lectured, and before I began the chairman of that committee asked leave to say a few words. He told the people of the debate and again stated they intended to prove Spiritualism "in its practice and doctrine a delusion and fraud," and would prove "the Bible true from the first chapter of Genesis to the amen of Revelations." When I refused at first to debate, I told these gentlemen (?) that I had never taken part in a debate in my life; that I was absolutely ignorant of parliamentary rules and laws, and could not debate under the rules, but I said if they proposed to give the truth as they believed it, and I give the truth as I believed it to be, and let the people decide, I would do so, but only in that way would I consent. Later I made exactly the same statement to my opponent, Rev. Mr Wallis; both they and he

agreed to it. Now to show what honorable (?) men they were: the chairman came to me with two propositions to sign; the first was worded so as to mislead at first sight, its true object, I refused to sign because it would compel me to deny the bible in toto. The second proposition was that Spiritualism was true in substance, and having told them I knew nothing of parliamentary law, and saying I would not debate under that law, I saw no reason for refusing to sign it, and did so. But when my friend came home he said the chairman had been boasting that he had caught me nicely as I had agreed to *affirm.* When he told me I saw at once they deliberately took advantage of my acknowledged ignorance to get an advantage which was justly mine. Well, I was so disgusted to find them cheating at the outset I came very near refusing to go on with the debate. My friends insisted, however, but I told them I would decide after I had an interview with my opponent. A few hours before the debate was to begin I had a talk with Mr. Wallis, told him my objections, and what I thought of the "trick," and told him emphatically that upon one agreement would I go on with the debate, which was to each present the truth as we understood it. *He agreed* to that, and also assured me that no "mud-slinging" should be indulged in. From first to last he used the same old weapons, ridicule and abuse, called upon me to produce every phenomena under the sun; told me to "go home, cook biscuits and make coffee for my husband and let this ungodly thing alone." I have never heard viler language in my life—talked about defending a "pole cat" from being a Spiritualist. If the people went there to hear a lot of slang, vulgarity, abuse and egotism they were satisfied, but if they went there to learn that Spiritualism was a fraud they missed it. Of course he said it was, but is his word any better than mine, especially since I have studied it, and he has not. He read the same names Elder Covert gave in the Hull-Covert debate, read again by Rev. Leak in his sermon on "Spiritualism Exposed" in Marshall, and now this man reads the same, tells what they did, etc., just as Covert and Leake and others had done, and the people and occurrences date back to '54 or '55. Positively he did not give a single argument to prove "Spirit-

PLEASANT ANNIVERSARY.

Tuesday, August 1st dated two years for Mr. John W. Ring, of Galveston as an ordained minister. A number of the members of the society gathered at his home and spent a very pleasant evening. Refreshments were served and a real home circle was held.

Two year ordained, whatever it means?
Are there some thoughts that we can glean?
Surely not time that's idly spent,
Nor a way that was free from cares,
For there were stones the way he went,
As all men find in their affairs;
There has been joy and sometimes tears,
Friends encourage, but the scoffer jeers.

Two years ordained, or set apart!
By your request this willing heart
Has sought to work for Truth and Right;
If he fell short, as others have,
Or has stood in another's light,
That's a fault all human's have,
Just wish him well for time to come,
Pray his task will be better done.

Two years ordained, not for himself,
Not for applause or gain of pelf,
But that your servant he might be.
So help him on with thought and word;
In year's to come perchance you'll see
Much good that's done, because he heard
And felt kind thoughts to help him on
To do the task that's well begun.

Then together drink the bitter cup,
Shed tears and a part of joy sup,
And bind your hopes and aims as one
To walk the path of mortal life.
Blessings will come till setting sun
And peace abide through all the strife.
March onward, then, what e'er assail,
Ordain each life, Truth will prevail. —Cor.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS MEDIUM.

The St. Louis *Republic* has the following special dispatch:

Lottie Fowler, who is believed to be the once famous medium, of that name, died Saturday last at the Manhattan State Hospital for the insane on Ward's Island. She was taken to the hospital about four months ago, from No. 309 West Forty-second street, where she held seances with such little financial success that she was almost destitute.

She had been ill for some time before she became insane, and had been befriended by a Mrs. Brayton of No. 134 West Fifteenth street, to whom the medium showed newspaper clippings, photographs and correspondence establishing the proof of her identity as Lottie Fowler, the well-known Spiritualist of the '70's.

Lottie Fowler was born in Boston in 1846. Her real name was Charlotte Connolly. She made her first famous prediction in Bridgeport, Conn., when she foretold the explosion of a cartridge company's mills and the death of one employe. Within six days her prophecy

came true, the citizens mobbed her for a witch, she was arrested and her money taken from her. The Judge who tried her found nothing on which to hold her, but ordered her to leave the town, after giving her her money back.

Her dealings after that were with the rulers and great people of the earth. In 1874 she prophesied that the Prince of Wales would meet with an accident while out driving and that his coachman would be killed, which came true. In 1880 in St. Petersburg, she prophesied the assassination of Alexander II. on March 1, 1881. The crime was committed six days later. The truthfulness of her prophecy caused her expulsion from Russia as a Nihilist.

PSYCHIC CLASS DEPARTMENT, Conducted by John W. Ring.

The World's Psychic Class meets on the 27th of each month at 1:45 p. m.; 30 minutes.
Texas Class meets every Wednesday at 8,30 p. m.; time 30 minutes.

Subjects for August—Aug. 9, *Fellowship;* Aug. 16, *Peace;* Aug. 23, *Liberty;* Aug 30, *Stupendous Whole.*

Aug 9, *Fellowship*—Having declared our "Independence" of all error wrong and sin and recognized our relationship to the eternal Good (God), we very naturally turn for some expression of this life energy with which we can associate for mutual pleasure and benefit. Surely with the eye of "Independence" we will not fail to see a gleam of this light illuminating each individual of the human race. Here is our only possibility to cultivate a "Fellowship" with God through the highest expression of Good on this plane. So let us this hour seek to attune the vibrations of our soul with the noble and true in man, thereby forming a fellowship which labors to overcome the false and foolish and more thoroughly manifest the true and best. Let us pledge ourselves to think and speak but of the good. Let us cultivate the true and cease noticing the false—the fleeting changing shadows of wrong :

O for a fellowship twixt man and man,
O for a thought of the good and true,
Let us seek and find all the good we can,
Avoid the false and declare the true.

DAWNING LIGHT.

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Address all communications 626 Baltimore Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

The Editor of this paper is not responsible for the opinions and utterances of correspondents.

Write all communications plainly on one side of the paper, signing your own proper name to fix responsibility—not for publication.

M. O. Gentzke. editor of *Lichstrahlen*, West Point, Neb., will visit Texas during this month and while in the State will give several lectures on Spiritualism, speaking in the German tongue. It was Mr. Gentzke's wish to lecture in San Antonio, but so far no arrangements have been made. We feel quite certain that our German friends would like to hear him on this subject. We hope the society here will take hold of the matter and invite Mr. Gentzke to stop here on his way to Galveston and give one or more lectures. All he asks is his entertainment while in the city and his railroad fare from Smithville, and if he has a ticket over the M. K. & T. R'y. his route could be changed with very little expense via this city. We hope the president of the society will take the matter up and have the lecture. He speaks in Galveston Aug. 16th and at Austin on the 20th. He can be addressed until the 14th at Shelby, Texas, care of Prof A. Gentzke.

Mr. Mary Phillips, of Dallas, gave a circle to a number of ladies at the home of Mr. John W. Ring, in Galveston last week which was much enjoyed.

A few of the faithful friends of State Association met at the residence of Mr. John Marmion Thursday evening and passed a pleasant time. The two Johns Marmion and Manley, gave psychometric readings which were highly enjoyed.

Mr. John Marmion will start out on a missionary tour on or about the 14th, and will taken in a number of Texas cities, will visit Kansas and return in time for the camp at Oak Cliff. He will talk Spiritualism, give readings and incidentally will have something to say for THE DAWNING LIGHT.

Come Along, Who Next?

Donations to T. S. N A. of S:

Previously acknowledged,	$18.75
"Silver shower." previously reported,	90
Silver shower," Petty,	30
" " Rice,	10

The 250 Spiritualists are rather slow answering, but we are quite positive that each and every one of them intends to send along that dime. We expect to see John Ring completely deluged in the "silver shower" which is coming.

Reduced Railroad Rates

To N S A Convention, Chicago, Oct. 17-20, 1899. Tickets on the certificate plan (one and one third fare for the round trip) have been granted by the various roads. To secure this concession purchaser must buy first class ticket to Chicago, paying full fare for same. Be sure to ask your agent for a certificate when purchasing your ticket. This certificate when, properly signed by the secretary at the convention and vised by the special agent who will be in attendance, will entitle the holder to a return ticket (first class) for one-third fare. Certificate tickets may be procured three days prior to convention (Sunday not included) and will be honored for return ticket until three days after adjournment. On arriving at convention deposit your certificate with the secretary for proper endorsement.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
Sec N S. A.

We have learned that it is expected that the T. S. N A S. will meet at Dallas on the 5th and 6th of Oct. prox., during the meeting of the Texas Campmeeting Association. It will be a very important meeting and will determine the future usefulness and life of that organization.

R. H. Kneeshaw lectured at Los Angeles last Sunday and his lecture was favorably commented on by the *Medium* Mr. Kneeshaw stands at the head of the list of inspirational speakers and has occupied some of the most prominent platforms in the United States and England. Texas is proud to claim him as one of her most efficient and invaluable workers. His daughter who is with him in Los Angeles, is possessed of a beautiful voice and adds immensely to his lectures by her sweet singing. We hope to hear them both in San Antoniot at some future time.

Mr. John Manley gives daily sittings, at his rooms 328 E. Nueva street. Diagnosis of disease and medicated vapor baths a specialty.

The Hermetic Brotherhood had another interesting and instructive meeting last Sunday This society is increasing in numbers and usefulness all over the United States, and especially in the North and East Its particular aim is to give struction in Occult matters.

It is almost superfluous to mention the fact that the DAWNING LIGHT is fully committed to the doctrine of "expansion" of its subscription list, and we announce without hesitation that our books will stand the addition of a few more names without danger of an explosion of tha subscription books or pocket book. This announcement is made to correct an impression which seems to have gone out that we are anti-expansion We are willing to receive subscriptions for a few days longer.

Tickets are out for an entertainment at Forrester's hall Monday night by the First Spiritualist society. Admission 25 cents.

Our friend and correspondent A. J Buck, of St Louis, Mo, is taking a rest for a few weeks. Hope he will enjoy it.